

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Mistress quickly*? how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone and list to me.

*Prin.* What saist thou *Iacke*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell a sleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pound a peace, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so; and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Host.* Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for Womanhood Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

*Host.* Say, What thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say other wise.

*Host.* Say, What beast, thou knaue thou?

*Fal.* What Beast? why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? Why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? thee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Host.* Thou art an vniust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou sayest true *Hostesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grosely.

*Host.* So hee doth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day.

You

*Henry the fourth.*

You ought him a thousand pound.

*Prin.* Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound *Hal*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou owest me thy loue.

*Host.* Nay, my Lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and said hee would cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardol*?

*Bar.* Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you sayd so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.

*Prin.* I say tis Copper: darst thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why *Hal*? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpes.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lion?

*Fal.* The King himselfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke he feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay; and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But sirra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine; it is all fild vp with Guttes, and Midriffe: Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horelson impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Doest thou heare *Hal*? thou knowst in the state of innocencie, *Adam* fell: & what should poore *Iacke Falstaf* do in the daies of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, & thefore more frailty You confesse then you pickt my pocket.

*Prin.* It appeares so by the story.

*Fal.* *Hostesse*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfast, loue thy Husband, look to thy Seruants, cherish thy Ghestes, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hostesse.* Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad: how is that answered?

*Prin.*